



Published by the Press Publishing Company.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, MAY 28.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE EVENING WORLD

(Including Postage):

PER MONTH.....\$3.00

PER YEAR.....\$35.00

VOL. 30.....NO. 10,508

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as second class matter.

NEW BRANCH OFFICES:
 WORLD UPTOWN OFFICE—1207 BROADWAY,
 between 51st and 52d sts., New York.
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THE BOOKS (P.N.)

The books are open for those who wish to enrol themselves among the friends of the poor, pitched, suffering childhood. The days are at hand when their substantial aid and encouragement is needed. Among those who will respond by coming to the support of THE EVENING WORLD'S Sick Baby Fund and Free Physicians' Corps will doubtless be many old helpers of these charities. But there will be new and cordial welcome for new followers of the cause.

The work done with the Fund and by the free doctors among the babies of the city's poor in other seasons is well understood. It is proposed this season to carry out the same general ideas, but on even broader lines.

It is work in a great field. It is work demanding great resources. It should stir to a warmth as genial as Summer's own air the hearts of all who believe in true charity.

IT SHOULD BE VETOED.

The Cable Railway Bill, as at present before the Governor, is objectionable because it is special legislation, giving preference and powers to a single company. The bill will, if carried into effect, re-establish this favored corporation that the latter will be able successfully to block, for an indefinite period, this city's progress toward the rapid transit so sorely needed.

Gov. Hill has laid down and followed, in other cases, broad principles on special legislation which apply with peculiar force in this instance. He should not hesitate to follow those principles here and enforce them with his veto of this bill.

A HEAVY LOAD.

A cent a pound added to the price of meat and fish, five cents addition to the late ten-cent square of ice cream, a corresponding increase in some of the other necessities and minor luxuries of living. These are consequent upon the present outrageous course of the ice barons.

It is hard to confine denunciations of the monopolists who are responsible for this state of affairs within the limits of polite language, and there is little consolation, while bearing the present burden, to be gained from the thought that the load is one which eventually must fall from the people's shoulders to crush those who have placed it there.

The idea of a group of three May holidays, founded upon the fact that Memorial Day comes this year with only Saturday and its half-holiday between it and Sunday, has already been acted upon by the Common Council with regard to the city's employees. Let other employers who can do it without public inconvenience follow the corporation's lead. Give the office clerks, the working girls and all three bright breathing days away from toil.

Dr. Justin's dynamite shell exploded several things yesterday, including the cannon from which it was fired, and twelve tons of metal were distributed in chunks the size of those the average New York fireman leaves at his customer's doors. But the Doctor insists that his theory survives—it was only the gun which was weak.

The rubber manufacturers are the latest to get together and form a price-raising combine. Monopolists and Trusts all have their little games to play, but when all are played out the people will have won the rubber by a decisive score. Thus read the growing signs of the times.

They are fixing up far too peppery a mess of lobster salad, there in Newfoundland. Let the French and English fishers hold off a few moments, while some wise arbitrator prepares a new mayonnaise, with plenty of the olive oil of peace, and all will yet be well.

Mr. Wicked Gress and Mr. Ham Fish do not seem much cast down by the action of the Republican State Committee.

The coal combine advanced prices yesterday from fifteen to twenty-five cents a

ton, and also decided how much should be produced in June so that rates might be kept up. It is a striking illustration of the power of Trusts and the helplessness of the consumer.

Richard Croker's testimony before the Senate Committee will be awaited with more than ordinary interest.

The census-takers themselves may be not looking forward to their Summer labors with joy unalloyed.

Actually the worst and most incompetent of the city's officers are the excise inspectors.

SPOTLIGHTS.

"Home again from a foreign shore"—John Keenan.

Not a happy lot—The census-takers.

Plenty of ice at sea—Icebergs.

Hanged himself at eighty-one. Old enough to know better.

And soon we'll hear the festive buzz of the early morning fly.

Don't ask a cross-eyed man what he is looking at.

Now loud upon the Summer air rings the champion oarsman's challenge, which nobody ever takes up.

An elastic combine—The rubber manufacturers' Trust.

Belgium has decided that only first-class liquor shall be sent to the Africans. No civilization advances.

Peru is about to run a Government telephone. So handy, you know, for the revolutions and riots.

Montreal has developed a lot of bootleggers of her own. Welcome, dear boys; allow us to return your city's hospitality.

With what joy-throbs will Brother-in-Law McCann welcome Croker home? Is he fattening a calf for him? Is the question.

She was a cruel, heartless lass. As ever man could find. Yet I suppose that she would pass To all as reasonable.

The American Peace Society has declined upon the disarmament of the European Powers. Of course it is a Boston organization.

A smuggler stuffed three gold watches and eleven diamond rings into his shoes, and was surprised when the Customs officers got onto him. Did he expect to pass them off as corns?

Burglars burgle but Excise inspectors do not inspect.

Some husbands are so unreasonable. Now we hear of one who interfered with another man's attentions to his wife and was shot. Surely people don't profit as they should by the experience of others.

A policeman may club you, but if he strikes you with his hand, he can be disciplined for conduct "unbecoming an officer."

"We are ballbirds of a feather"—probable feelings of Ham Fish and the Wicked Gress, after the Republican State Committee got through with them yesterday.

The hottest place on earth is said to be the southwest coast of Persia. Some have thought that the witness chair of the Fessett Committee room had some claim to this honor.

ATHLETES IN REPOSE.

B. A. Munroe, who rows No. 7 in the Dauntless Junior eight, only commenced shell-rowing a year ago. His progress has been so rapid that he is now one of the best oarsmen in the Club. He is known as "Striker" Munroe by his intimates.

J. C. Devereaux, the fast runner of the Manhattan Athletic Club, hails from New Orleans. He is spry well in his race for legal fame and fortune.

H. L. Williams is one of the coming sprinters of the New York Athletic Club. He has done the 120 yards in record time—a remarkable performance for a comparatively new man in athletics.

Capt. Theodore Van Raden, of the Atlantic Boat Club, takes a practice spin in a single shell or six every evening during the evening whenever opportunity offers. His "gold mine" out West is panning out well.

WORLDLINGS.

The most foremost woman artist in England is probably Mrs. Joyline, who has a charming studio that is a favorite resort of the best known artistic and literary people in London. Mrs. Joyline is still in the prime of life, although she has been married three times.

Du Maurier, Penn's well-known caricaturist, lives in elegant leisure at Hampstead. He occupies there a big house that is filled with his wonderful collection of old engravings and pictures, and with his handsome library.

The richest Englishman is the Duke of Westminster, whose residence at Eaton Hall is one of the finest in the land.

Mrs. Celia Thaxter, the New England poetess whose home on the Isles of Shoals has been one of the greatest attractions to visitors there, is seriously ill of a combination of nervous diseases.

The press which has just been discarded by the Dalhousie (Ga.) Signal, is one of the oldest presses in the South, having been in use since 1783.

STOLEN RHYMES.

A Pastoral Invitation.
 "Come out to my house," says the jolly old curate,
 On cream and good butter you'll live like a lord.
 Come out, for the sun's getting warmer and warmer,
 And it's only ten dollars a week for your board.

"Come out where the roses luxuriant are blooming,
 Come out where the nights all invite to repose;
 Come out where the poplars so leafy are blowing,
 Come out where the brook with soft melody flows."

"Come off," says the townsman, with angry intonation,
 "Delishious of the country no more will I seek;
 Material chills such as thrive in your section,
 Are purchased too dear at ten dollars a week."

"Come off with your stories of nights made for sleeping,
 At your promises golden I cannot but scoff.
 Alas! my mosquitoes their vigils are keeping,
 And ying in wait—
 Mr. Farmer, come off!"

—Merchant Traveler.

I Am a King!

I am a king! You do not see my crown?
 Oh, no. But it is there;
 The tiny red, above like rare-worn frown.
 In jewels like and rare.

When was I crowned, and how? A loving maid,
 Pressed kisses up my brow and softly said,
 "My king! You are no king!"

—Rhymer's Curious MacDonald in Life.

Advice to Lovers.

Say what you will when she's alone;
 Say what you do or do not think;
 You may see the lady's hope,
 But never put your love in ink;
 Then never by the girl you're wooed
 For break of promise you'll be sued.

—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Knowledge Is Power.

"Uncle Natua, are you afraid of ghosts?"
 "Yes, sir. I don't like ghosts."
 "Well, I merely wanted to warn you that my chicken-house was haunted."
 "Haunted? No, sir; 'aint. I done been dar 'fore dis house."

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR. HEARD ON THE RIALTO.

Origin of the Prejudice Against the Use of Perfumes.

Fashions, Fads and Fancies that Interest the Gentler Sex.



ITH many the idea is prevalent that the use of perfumes is vulgar, suitable only for 'Arny and 'Arriet out for a holiday, or men and maids dancing at a Harvest Home. This is erroneous. It is the abuse and not the use of scents that is unpleasant. An overpowering odor in a room, car or carriage emanating from linen or draperies is offensive although the perfume in itself may be most agreeable. It is the strong, pungent, audible scents that have given rise to this notion, and there are in the perfumer's catalogue a dozen or more varieties that refined people could not be induced to accept as a gift, extracts dedicated to jockeys, waiters and followers of the races, more or less economical of soap and water. It is the tendency of the average tonorial artist and coiffeur to empty over the head of long and short-haired patrons the contents of an ounce bottle of liquid stuff that is as tenacious as cigar smoke, and may be worn but cannot be washed or shaken off. The aversion to this mode of perfuming is very positive. So fearful is the well-bred lady of making herself heard that the faintest and most volatile odors are selected and worn in the form of sachets. Hyacinth, white lilac and wood violet are recognized among the preferred scents, for though delicate they are lasting.

Crushed lavender flowers make the most delightful sachets for household linen. The odor is deliciously wholesome and refreshing and has a freshness that none of the sweet flower scents possess.

To keep the back of the new Spring basques down a wide steel cased in kid is run into the middle seam of the back, which holds it as smooth and firmly as a strait-jacket rib.

Florists show green carnations among other special blossoms. The delicate tint is obtained by charging the hot bed with an electric current while the flowers are in the bud.

The most interesting spot in Cambridge is the old Longfellow house, where Miss Longfellow, the eldest daughter, and the Rev. Samuel Longfellow, the brother of the poet, now live. The house looks exactly as it did in the old days when the great poet received his friends with sweet and gentle courtesy. His spirit seems to haunt the rooms and halls and will be ever present to those who have the privilege of his friendship. The two younger daughters, Mrs. Richard H. Dana and Mrs. Joseph G. Thorpe, Jr., have built houses adjoining the old estate, so that the Longfellow sisters live side by side, in the order of primogeniture. Across Brattle street is the little park named in honor of the dead poet. It was an appropriate idea that the vacant land over which Longfellow's eyes so often wandered as he looked from his windows should remain free to the inhabitants of Cambridge as a memorial to him.

Jet, bead and pearl embroidery are used sparingly on dressy dresses and not at all on morning gowns.

Here is an English recipe for keeping the hands smooth: Two tablespoonful of lemon juice, one of glycerine and the same of almond oil—colorless oil by the way, for experience lends reason to the idea that most oils and vaseline discolor and darken the hands. En passant, hot foot baths nightly, and purgatives with coarse bread are the best regime to secure white hands.

Mrs. James G. Blaine, Jr., who has so long been bed-ridden, is once more able to go out. She has recovered almost entirely and last evening attended the performance of the "Castles in the Air" at the Broadway Theatre.

The crayon used to strengthen eyebrows and lashes is a fast color that clings like India ink. There are black, brown, blonde, and red pencils.

Belva Lockwood has a law practice that brings her more money than a Congressman's salary; has property in Washington worth \$20,000, and a country place worth \$5,000, all acquired in a comparatively short time from her legal business. This is more than she would have had if she had stuck to school teaching.

A teaspoonful of benzoin dropped in the wash-basin before making the toilet produces an exquisitely delicate and luxurious tonic for the skin.

The white sunshade is novel and pretty, but hard to wear and very trying on the eyes.

Black velvet ribbons is the favorite style of trimming for lace dresses.

According to a writer in the Philadelphia Times the American serving-maid has a happier lot than her English cousin. "I have often wondered how gentle, kind-hearted women can treat their servants as I have seen them treated in England, she says. After dinner the fire is allowed to go out in the kitchen. The girl is not permitted to have either fire, gas or lamp in her bedroom, so she sits down to sew or read by the light of a candle in a fireless room. When allowed to go out, which is one evening per week, she must be in at 10 o'clock, except on very rare occasions and then only when permission has been asked and given. She has one whole day a month to herself, and this is generally the time that she remains out late. Even in small families of moderate means where only one servant is kept she is frequently provided with her own groceries of inferior quality, while those used by the family are kept under lock and key. No effort is made for her exert to have meat and vegetables hot from the table; no regard is paid to her pleasures or appointments. She may make an engagement six weeks ahead and by permission of her mistress, yet when the day comes, if it be not perfectly convenient for her to go, she is told, at the last moment perhaps, that she cannot be spared. And yet this same mistress will be most solicitous about her maid's spiritual welfare—will see that she attends church or chapel regularly, family prayers ditto, and that she conducts herself with propriety when out of her sight and control. The English mistress is a queer anomaly."

Broadway Crowded with Theatrical People Comparing Notes.

Worries of the Manager of Madison Square Garden.

The Madison Square Garden certainly does not look as though it would be ready for theatrical exertion June 16. Its appearance is brickly and unfinished, and an earthy odor enlivens the surrounding atmosphere. Capt. Alfred Thompson, however, said yesterday that the building would undoubtedly be opened June 16. The Captain felt very depressed at the managerial opposition that has been recently called forth. He said he had never had so many worries before. He thought that the trouble really emanated from one manager, just as it is claimed that the seizure of the ballet costumes was induced by one irate costumer, Capt. Thompson is rehearsing his ballets daily and working very hard. It is possible that one scene only will be used, as a change of scenery, by some technicality, becomes illegal under certain circumstances. "The ballets," said Capt. Thompson, "will, as I have already said, be sandwiched in between Stramus' orchestral performances. They will be very elaborate. We have one dancer, Mlle. Marie Bouillard, who—well, I won't compare her with Carmenita. The Madison Square Garden, it seems to me, will supply New York with an amusement resort such as it has never possessed, and which all the large European cities rejoice in."

Mrs. D. P. Bowers is in the city beginning preparations for her coming season with the Ward-Bowers combination. Many of the actors and actresses have already been engaged.

Richard Golden has been playing "Old Jed Prothy" in old Jed's native town, Bucksport, Me. After the performance the other night he invited all the audience to Emory Hall to dance with him. A programme has been forwarded to this city, and it is certainly unique. There were sixteen dances, ending with a Virginia reel. "Refreshments" must have been very copious, for they occur six times on the programme, which ends with the sweet piece of information: "Constable Trotter will keep order." Mr. Golden was evidently determined that his guests should escape uninjured.

A London authority says that Steele Mackaye's romantic drama, "Paul Kaurar," so far as the main incident is concerned, reminds him very forcibly of "A Dead Heart" and "All For Her."

John A. Stevens, the indefatigable and undaunted melodrama evolver, is at work upon another play to be called his Double Life. He will appear next season in his own drama, "Wife for Wife." His comedy, "Quite English," is in good hands. Mr. Stevens play-mill shows no signs of exhaustion.

News comes from France that Agar, once a celebrated French actress, and a member of the Comedie France, is in great financial distress; in fact, almost destitute. She is to have a benefit at which Francois Coppée, Catulle Mendès, Armand Sylvestre and other well-known French literateurs will recite poems of their own composition.

Broadway is now crowded with theatrical people. They are flocking from their tours, and comparing notes. Some of the comparisons are very humorous. "Did you get your money?" is generally the first query put by one actor to another. "No, I got the razors," is the pathetically frequent answer. Then there are out-of-town managers and agents galore; the managers anxious to secure "attractions" for their houses, the agents yearning to place themselves for next season. There is a great deal of competition among these out-of-town managers. For instance, there are no less than three representatives of the theatres of Memphis, Tenn., in the city. They all want the same plays, and feel deeply injured upon the smallest provocation.

T. E. Jackson, the comedian of "Three of a Kind" renown, is something of a sport. He has become the proud possessor of a horse called Tea-Eye, which is to be entered in the Monmouth races. Mr. Jackson has inspired a great deal of confidence in his professional friends. They will back Tea-Eye in all their lovely dramatic loyalty. If he loses, the probability is that a large number of actors will be obliged to lunch upon bill-boards for the rest of the Summer.

Herbert Kealey and his wife, Mrs. Caroline Hill, are going to England to "summer." It is rumored that Kealey is going over to lay in a new stock of trousers. "Trousers, encore de trousers, toujours de trousers," is evidently his motto.

Mrs. Rosabel Morrison is to retire from the cast of "The Shatohen" at the end of the week. She is going to devote herself to "Summering." The little lady has been on tour for thirty-six weeks and is rather tired. Next season she will appear as Marguerite, in her father's production of "Faust."

Buttered toast for potatoes.

A French Litterateur Couldn't Make a Waiter Understand.

M. Taine, the eminent French litterateur, was recently at Oxford and he ordered plain roast beef and potatoes for dinner, writes a London correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune. The waiter brought M. Taine roast beef and buttered toast.

M. Taine exclaims: "Waiter, some potatoes." The waiter brought more buttered toast. M. Taine, in pronouncing "potatoes," laid stress on the last syllable of potatoes and gave the "a" more emphasis than was necessary, so to the waiter's English ear he was asking with tolerable clearness for buttered toast.

When fresh lots of buttered toast began to appear M. Taine blandly demanded "some potatoes." With the result that his table was literally covered with plates of buttered toast.

However, a well-known Oxford professor happened to enter the room at this juncture and succeeded in clearing up matters.

A Careful Man.
 (From Punch.)
 "There are no flies on this wine; eh, Bill?"
 "Nope. I had the cobwebs brushed off before it was brought up."

Truly So.
 (From Punch.)
 Bobby (of New York)—Say, Popper, what's a District Attorney?

Popper—Why, he's a man who dismisses indictments.